

The Promise Bracelet. by evergreenshadows

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington, The Party (Stranger Things), Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Will Byers & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

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The Promise Bracelet.

Author's Note:

hey again pumpkin heads!
(yes ik it's november already)

i wrote this while i was sick, so it might not be as great, but i'm feeling better now, so why not post it?

as always, feel free to give me writing prompts and i'll gladly do them. i have written a list of the fandoms i'm in as well as the people i ship.

so if you me to write about them, i'd gladly do so, just comment or message me, and give me an idea on what you want to see :)

tysm for reading <3

Mike carefully wrapped the small box in a Christmas themed foil wrap, being careful around the edges. Once the box had been successfully wrapped up, he placed a red bow on top, placing a tag that read 'Will' on it.

It wasn't Christmas yet, but the party was planning a little get together at the Byer's house, and Mike had wanted to give Will his present a few days earlier. It was a simple gift, really, but he knew Will would appreciate it for what it signified. Mike hurriedly put on his jacket, grabbing the box on his way out. "I'll see you later Mom!" He yelled, not waiting for a response, and instead climbed onto his bike, pedaling out the driveway.

The bike ride to Will's house was familiar, as he had spent almost every weekend over, and by now, he had the road memorized. He smiled as the slightly run down house came into view. Dustin waved at him from the front door, and Mike grinned as he saw Lucas, Max,

El and Will pop their heads out the door.

A while back, El had found out about Mike and Will. She'd been a bit angry at first, unable to comprehend the situation, but overtime she learned to accept it, and now she was happy for them. (Personally, Mike thought it had something to do with Max. Eleven was practically her second half, never leaving Max's side.) But that was just a theory.

The smells coming from the kitchen made his stomach growl. Joyce had since dedicated her time to cooking meals for Will and Jonathan. (And sometimes Hopper and El if they were over.) "Mike! You won't believe who Steve brought with him!" Mike chuckled. "I didn't even know Steve was invited." Dustin rolled his eyes. "Whatever. That's not the point, the point is that Steve brought Billy with him, to dinner! Do you know what this means?" Mike sighed, he was not ready for whatever Dustin was about to say.

"I think they're dating, I mean just an hour earlier I saw them arrive, hand in hand, just when they thought I wasn't looking. Oh! And Billy keeps making these heart eyes at Steve, like it's honestly so gross dude." Dustin fake gags as Mike looks over to the living room, finding Steve and Billy.

Billy was sat on the floor with El, a book in his hands, reading with funny voice as El smiled and *laughed*, whenever Billy would exaggerate his facial expressions. Steve however, seemed to be in a trance by the scene in front of him. He kept on watching Billy with a content smile on his face. *A similar smile to the one Mike gave Will whenever Will was in his vicinity.* Definitely something to think and possibly gossip about later.

Mike went over to the kitchen, finding Joyce and Will, leaning over the kitchen counter. “No, mom- look now the C is messy!” Will let out a laugh as Joyce tickled his side. Mike smiled fondly, the happiness in Will's voice making him feel all sorts of butterflies in his stomach. Joyce turned around as if sensing his presence. “Oh hey sweetie, dinner's almost ready, why don't you and Will go and play? After all, Will here is losing his throne as master cake decorator.” Will gave her an annoyed look, a smile threatening to get out. “Mom!” Joyce ushered them out with her hands. “Now go. I'll give y'all a call when dinner's ready.” Will was the first to leave, dragging Mike to his room.

Will had left the door ajar, but it was enough privacy for both of them. Now, they were facing each other, both boys overwhelmed with the amount of adoration they had for each other. Mike brought a hand up to Will's cheek, softly caressing it. Will let out a sigh, cuddling his face closer to Mike's hand.

Mike leaned in, and Will closed his eyes on instinct. The delicate brush of Mike's lips against Will's petal like ones felt like absolute *heaven*. Mike was absolutely smitten and so in love with Will, nothing in the world could describe how he felt towards the small boy. After a while of soft kisses, they pulled away, looking in complete awe.

They sat on Will's bed, and Will stared curiously at Mike as he took out a small box from his pocket. Mike settled the box on Will's lap. “I, um, wanted to give you your Christmas present a little earlier.” Will unwrapped the box and opened it to reveal a small bracelet, different beads meeting in the middle with a small carnation as a charm. It was discreet, which meant Will could wear it whenever he wanted to. “Wow Mike, thank you. It's so pretty.” Will smiled softly at him, brown eyes wide and full of affection. Mike took the bracelet and put it on Will's wrist, bringing it up to his lips and giving the carnation a kiss.

"I figured we were too young to get a promise ring. so I got you this bracelet instead. It's for a happy future, a promise to you I intend on keeping." Mike spoke softly, Will listening quietly. Will felt his heart flutter, he was completely head over heels in love with the freckled boy and he wouldn't trade it for *anything*.

Mike gave Will a peck on the cheek, the simple act of affection setting the small boy's cheeks on fire. Will was the first one to intertwine their fingers together, soft hands sliding against each other.

"Will?"

Will hummed in response.

"I love you." Mike whispered softly at Will, whose head was now resting on his shoulder.

Will lifted his head up, gazing onto Mike's anxious ones.

"I love you too." Will said, and he meant it. He wrapped his arms around Mike's lanky frame, and held him tightly as if he could radiate his love out of a simple hug.

They stayed like that for a while, hand in hand, the carnation a vivid shade of red against Will's pale skin.